

Agricultural.

T. H. BOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

THE SUMMER SOLISTICE.

The sun has touched his northern bound, And southward turns his course to-day; The soft sweet air new charm has found In fragrance of the new-mown hay; The stately farmer dilly-davies His glittering blade the earth around, And into swaths and wondrous flaps, The earliest harvest of the year.

God made the country, said the sage, And man has made the noisy town; Then be my path of pilgrimage 'Mong clover heads and thistle-down. To walk with nature hand in hand, In nature's pure and simple way, And 'neath the stars and maple shade In fragrance of the new-mown hay.

Now toiler boys and romping girls Toe here and there the willing grass; The wanton winds toss grass and curls, And hours in toil and pleasure pass; There's laughter ringing in the air— But see, a shower! 'T comes this way, It clouds the sky, but now so fair, And perils all the new-mown hay.

Quick! Bend to work your shins strong, The growth of beautiful country homes; Work with your might, 'twill not be long Before the drenching shower comes; Fly fast the rake and fork, and heap The coals that shed the rain away, And then to supper and to sleep, 'Mid fragrance of the new-mown hay.

Montreal Horticultural Report.

This report for 1881-82 is just issued, and is full of most valuable information. It embraces Mr. Charles Gibb's report upon Russian Apples, heretofore noticed at length in these columns, and another report by the same critic on the Seeds and Shrubs of Northern Europe and Asia. Mr. Gibb was accompanied on his Russian tour by Professor Budd of the Iowa Agricultural College, and the professor's report is also given, covering the same ground, with much of interest in addition. Professor Budd also gives a paper upon, Not Well Known Trees and Shrubs, that is very useful. Heinrich Goegginger of Riga, Russia, contributes a paper upon the Fine Fruits of that country, while A. G. Tuttle of Baraboo, Wisconsin, gives his experience with Russian Apples. Taking all these in connection with the paper of Aaron Webster of East Roxbury, Vt., on Russian Apples, in the previous report of this society, the pomological student will find about all that is now known on that subject, collected in an accessible form. These papers give a much more favorable idea of the probable usefulness of Russian fruits in the colder parts of America than has heretofore been held. The inferior quality of many of the Russian apples imported by our department of agriculture in 1870, and the fact that nearly all of them were early varieties, has tended to prejudice growers against that class of fruit. But, as we several times before have remarked, it is not likely that, out of over two hundred sorts of American apples taken at random and exported, say, to New Zealand, more than half a dozen would prove valuable there. Yet that half-dozen might be very valuable indeed. Besides the early kinds (and of these some ten or more are very useful for the cold North), there are undoubtedly some long keepers among the Russians, that are valuable both for home use and for market. Among these we have fruited "Longfield's Apple," very similar to Fameuse in size and appearance, very productive, and keeping well until March or April. Another is Borodoff (No. 402 of the Department List) which is larger than Longfield, and a much longer keeper, being really a spring rather than a winter apple. We put it with Ben Davis as a keeper, while it is considerably better in quality, with a much harder tree. Another Russian that is a long keeper is Little Seedling. Notwithstanding its name this apple is not very small, while the tree is very productive, and the fruit keeps until apples come again. The quality is pretty good. These kinds show that there are long-keeping Russians that are already here, while the remarks of Messrs. Gibb and Budd have revealed still better apples of this class in the Antonovka, and the varieties of Anis, and, perhaps, in the Arabiska and some others. When we get to growing these hardy apples in America there will unquestionably spring up a class of seedlings from them, perhaps crossed with our own apples, that will be likely to have among them sorts more valuable in the far North than either.

But the researches of Messrs. Gibb and Budd were not limited to apples alone. The pears, plums and cherries of Russia are likely to be quite as valuable in our colder sections as the apples, and to become also the parents of new sorts still better suited to our wants. We shall await the propagation and dissemination of these, therefore, with the warmest interest.

Besides the articles above mentioned, this report contains a valuable paper on the Principles of Successful Orcharding in the Province of Quebec, by R. W. Shepherd, Jr., an experienced orchardist, whose teachings are as valuable for northern Vermont as for Canada. The report concludes with the reports of five auxiliary county societies, all of which are of a practical nature and worthy of study. There is no price attached to these reports, but we do not doubt that fifty cents forwarded to Henry S. Evans, secretary of the society, Montreal, would secure a copy. We are especially pleased to note that the Montreal society never had so large a number of contributory members or was so successful in every way as at this time. We wish that the fruit-growers of Vermont could be persuaded of the advantages of such an organization for themselves.

Bleaching Apples.

A lady writes that in the fall of 1880, she visited a large fruit evaporator near by and saw the lovely cream-white rings

as they came from the wire cloth frame packed in huge boxes ready to ship. They looked good enough for Victoria's table. She went home having ascertained that the cream color was the effect of bleaching in the fumes of sulphur, procured a machine that pared, cored, and sliced the apple into a spiral ring at one operation, and then set the baskets filled with the rings in an ordinary packing box over the fumes of sulphur to bleach. The sulphur was thrown on a few live coals in an ashpit, one teaspoonful at a time, and the box was closed about fifteen minutes. This bleached several baskets of rings almost as white as a sheet of paper. The apples were then spread and dried in the ordinary way, and they retained their beautiful creamy color when dry. They were then packed in paper bags and put away. When cooked in the spring they were entirely free from any smell or taste of sulphur and as fresh and pulpy as green apples.—Maine Farmer.

Much less sulphur than is advised above is required for thorough bleaching. A rag dipped in sulphur and slowly burning in a box below the slicer will bleach every slice perfectly while it is falling. The moment's passage through the sulphurized air is sufficient.

The Effect Upon the Soil of Cutting Trees at Different Seasons.

"A correspondent of the Farming World from North Carolina gives this experience: A farmer had twelve acres of heavy timber land which he cleared. Six acres were cleared just after harvest, and in the winter following, the other six. The following season the whole was planted to corn. The part cleared during the winter yielded a heavy crop, the other was a failure. The part on which the failure occurred was thought to be the richest part. Others doubting the fact, tried the experiment with similar results. These farmers concluded that the fertility of thickly wooded land goes up with the sap, and to clear land in the growing period deprives it of its life, and that the safest time is to clear during the winter."

Undoubtedly fertilizing material does go up in the sap in the summer, but does it go down again into the land in the winter? This is very doubtful science indeed. Suppose we take a more practical view, and suggest that when woodland is cleared just after harvest, (which means early in June in North Carolina) the sun is let in on to the land during the hot season, drying not only the timber but the very soil itself, so that such a good burn is got as to burn not only the timber and brush, but most of the soil, too. Or if, as is most often the case in the South, the trees are merely killed by girdling with an axe, still the burning heat of the sun all summer upon the heretofore sheltered soil would impair its fertility as compared with the case of trees deadened during the winter.

An Opinion Plainly Expressed.

A Pennsylvania farmer whose name is a tower of strength writes thus vigorously to the *Husbandman* about the present commissioner of agriculture:

"The commissioner of agriculture has richly merited a more effectual castigation than has been administered by the press up to date. The mean and dastardly suppression of Dr. Collier's report as the result of his labor, has no parallel, and can only be the act of a small-minded man. Why President Arthur should continue Dr. Loring in the department of agriculture, one can hardly conceive. The President must be aware that American farmers utterly despise Loring because he is without a particle of practical knowledge of agriculture, and has been a hindrance to the object for which the department was created. That this pretentious politician can be of any service to President Arthur's administration, or to his future aspiration, if he contemplates a re-election, is a delusion. The agricultural people generally intend to make common cause against a political party that gives the department of agriculture to the keeping of such an arrogant pretender as they know the present commissioner of agriculture to be. I hope the *Husbandman* will voice the universal opinion of farmers by denouncing the maladministration of the department of agriculture and Dr. Loring, who is responsible for its utter uselessness and consequent waste of the money appropriated for its support."

Over-Protection.

It is over-protection which causes the trouble in the woolen goods trade. These mills have an abundance of water power, they have little or no rent, they pay an average of eighty cents per day only to operatives. Besides all this advantage, the mill owners have seen a displacement of manual labor by steam machinery in their mills of about eighty per cent in forty years. For example, in a Philadelphia yarn mill 100 persons will produce more yarn in one day by help of improved machinery than 100,000 women with spinning wheels could have produced in days gone by in a month's time. So it is with every class of labor or manufacture. Let the farmer look at the machines about him—labor saving, labor displacing. M. de Lesseps has at Panama steam dredges that each do the work of a thousand men. What need of more "protection" to any industry—infant or full grown—than lies in this improvement in labor-saving machinery? But our mill owners not only demand "protection," but they send agents to Europe for paper labor to displace our own "protected" people.—Chicago Review.

Loading Hay so as to Come off Easily.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* gives his method as follows: "Begin at the forward end of the rack and pile the hay up until it is two feet high the whole width, then place each forkful so that it laps up on the pile with the edge next to your resting on the bottom of the rack. Continue the same way across the rack from side to side until you get to the rear end, then pile up as you did in front, loading again from side to side until you come to the forward end again, when you pile up once more. Always keep the layers lapped upon each other, and then your pitcher commences at the end where you finished, and stands in one position, lifting the hay up just as fast as he chooses, for it lies before him just like a load of bricks which have been set on end and then knocked down by pushing over the first one."

The Fireside.

WHY?

Sometimes how near you are, Sometimes how dear you are; Then, then, so far, so far, Like some far star you are.

Sometimes, through you, through you, I see the gray sky blue, And feel the warmth of May In the December day.

Sometimes, sometimes, I let All burdens fall, forget All cares, and every fear, In your sweet atmosphere.

Then, then, alas, alas! Why does it come to pass, Before the hour goes by, Before my dream doth die, I drift and drift away Out of your light of day, Out of your warmth and cheer, Your blessed atmosphere?

Why does it come to pass? Alas, and still alas! Why doth the world prevail, Why doth the spirit fail, And hide itself away Behind the wall of clay, Since time began—alas! Why does it come to pass?

—Nora Perry, in Harper's Magazine for September.

Nothing for Breakfast.

The morning slumbers of the Rev. Samuel Gallatin were disturbed by a light in his room; then, as the mental cobwebs vanished, he became conscious that the two years' partner of his joys and sorrows (so far there had been only joys) was putting the finishing touches to her toilet. To his bewilderment, "What's the matter?" he replied dolefully, "Nothing for breakfast!" Then, remembering her self-imposed vow as a bride never to trouble her husband with domestic cares, she added cheerfully, "It's Friday—baking day, consequently there's an uncommon dearth in the pantry of the good things of this life, and I'm up early so as to fix up something nice for breakfast in honor of your friend. That's all, my dear. You can have another nap." Instantly the blue wrapper and the lamp vanished, and the next minute, with a man's serene indifference to the whys and wherefores of "something nice for breakfast," he fell asleep. Mrs. Gallatin found a brisk fire in the kitchen, and the oatmeal already cooking. Nora greeted her with, "Shure, mum, it's a great pity he's here this mornin'!" "Friday's a dry mornin', anyhow, mum!" "The 'he' to whom Nora referred was Dr. Kendall, a classmate of Mr. Gallatin's, who had come unexpectedly the night before, and was snugly ensconced in the "blue chamber," oblivious of the stir he caused in the kitchen. Her guest was pastor of a large church in Boston, lived in a fashionable street, and, like so many of the clergy, was "provisionally" married to a rich wife. Mrs. Gallatin wanted to offer a choice hospitality for her husband's sake. Unfortunately, the small manufacturing village afforded neither the advantage of a city market, nor the resources of a farm, for an emergency. Opening the refrigerator, she found the remains of yesterday's roast lamb; a dish of gravy; a cup of cold boiled rice; and a pint of cream, rich and yellow, which they had regularly for oatmeal and coffee, the one extravagance of their cuisine. "Now, Nora, wash a half-dozen of the nicest potatoes, and have them baking at once!" The potato afforded only some dried apples, which she stewed, "as a relish with the muffins." When the apples were well sweetened and quite soft, she beat them up until smooth like jam, and then added the juice of a lemon, and the rind grated fine, to give it a bright flavor. She cut off all the meat from the lamb bones, careful to save every bit of fat, and told Nora to chop it, while she prepared a cup of bread crumbs. When this meat was thoroughly seasoned with pepper and salt she put a layer of it into a deep buttered dish, then a few spoonfuls of the jelly gravy, then a layer of crumbs, repeating the process till the dish was full, with a thick layer of crumbs on the top. "Now, Nora, put this into the oven at twenty-five minutes of eight, for a good bake!" The cup of rice had suggested the possibilities of muffins to help out the scanty supply of bread. Into a pint of flour she put one teaspoonful of sugar and one of cream tartar, with half a teaspoonful of soda and half a teaspoonful of salt, and rubbed it through a sieve. Two well-beaten eggs were added to a cup of milk and stirred slowly into the flour. When this made a smooth, light paste, the rice was put in. Nora's strong arms gave it a thorough beating and put it into the little muffin pans, allowing a half-hour to bake them. While Nora rolled the butter into shapely pats, Mrs. Gallatin put on the yellow damask cloth with red border, and napkins to match. Her housewifely pride rejoiced in her silver, mellow with the vicissitudes of a century. Her delicate china was figured with an antique pattern in blue. A modern copy of old Wedgewood held the cream and sugar for the oatmeal. A small monthly rose bush, with its brilliant blossoms, made a pretty centerpiece. The ugly pot was hidden with a cover crocheted of cotton yarn, stiffened and colored prettily by several shades of shellac. Mrs. Gallatin found she had only three oranges for her first course of fruit. These she peeled and divided into eights, laid in a circle on a sauce dish at each plate, so her necessity really added a grace to her table. The coffee was filtered in a biggin, to keep the aroma, so dear to lovers of the berry. She gave Nora some sprays of parsley to garnish the scalloped meat. This she raised herself by having rows of large holes bored in the sides of two good-sized kegs. She filled them up to the first row of holes with rich soil, then put in healthy roots through the holes, leaving the leaves outside. Then she filled up with soil to the second row of holes, and so on till nearly full, then planted the tops with roots. This was done in the fall. Nora kept them in a sunny kitchen window, and the supply of parsley never failed. At precisely eight o'clock she sat behind the tray, serene and smiling, in a dainty breakfast cap. Oranges, oatmeal and cream, scalloped meat and baked potatoes, rice muffins, with apple sauce and cheese, and the richest of coffee. Mr. Gallatin remembered the remark, "nothing for breakfast." The clerical mind failed to fathom the depth of ingenuity and resolution in his little wife. That night the Rev. Dr. Kendall's wife said to her mother, "John says Mrs. Gallatin had a very elegantly served breakfast this morning. One wouldn't expect elegance anywhere in that little factory village!" The only thing he remembered that they had to eat was red roses, and dried apple sauce! Dried apples indeed!—Christian at Work.

Higher Education.

In looking over the curriculum of study prescribed for those favored females destined to be finished at Columbia college, one cannot help asking, after getting through the "preparatory course," isn't this enough? Doesn't it contain as much aliment as the average female mind is likely to absorb? It is true enough there are many women equal, in the matter of education, to that famous pussy, who, according to the nursery legend, "Had studied both Latin and Greek." Tongues, living or dead, do not stand in the way of woman's elevation (so-called), however prone she may be to leave out the accents in writing Greek, and in reading Latin, to ignore both the Oxford and continental pronunciations. Let her learn the dead languages, then, if she pleases, and make the acquaintance of all the indecent old gods and demi-gods of mytho-historic times. A knowledge of Greek and Latin may help her to understand those words of Joseph Cook and other savants that have not yet been interpreted by compilers of English lexicons. But can woman's facile tongue ever learn to "chop logic?" Can the average woman "catch the parallax of yonder falling star?" It is well enough to sit for an hour in a darkened hall, and listen to Proctor's heavenly talk—one feels wonderfully wise for a while afterwards—but it is a different matter to give the laws of Kepler, and tell what is meant by right ascension. And spherical trigonometry, that college boys groan over, and integral and differential calculus, names in themselves sufficient to bring on a nervous headache! In these studies can the fair girl graduate be, at best, anything but a snatterer? The coming years must answer these conundrums. At present let us content ourselves with the hope that the public schools (independently of Columbia college) may eventually succeed in persuading the girls of the rising generation to refrain from putting "I" in the objective case; from using "done" as the imperfect tense of "do;" from saying "them" when "those" would be more proper; and from otherwise vexing the ghost of Lindley Murray.

Dress.

We have heretofore alluded to the address Lady Harborton recently delivered at a meeting of the London Literary and Artistic Society upon the subject of "Rational Dress." Dealing first with the question of form, Lady Harborton urged that by the present mode of women's dress the true lines of nature were not only not followed, but were actually reversed. Every inch of drapery below the knees caused fatigue and loss of power, and she ventured to believe that if the strongest man were required to climb a mountain or walk over a breezy moor in the dress of a woman, or even in what was called a short skirt, what would otherwise be pleasant exercise would be turned into unpleasant toil. Drapery was beautiful, it was true, but when it was allowed to leave its proper place it was robbed of its greatest charm. She believed the first step towards rational dress would not be taken until women could wear some form of a divided skirt, having for its object perfect freedom of movement of the most important limbs of the body. It had been urged that this dress would be unwomanly; but she maintained that nothing could be unwomanly which had for its object what was necessary and true. The idea of sex was entirely conveyed by the association in our minds. Whatever change women chose to make in their dress, that form of dress would, of course, be exclusively worn by the sex, and they had to remember that it was necessary in order to go through life successfully to have that which enabled the sex to perform their duties and enjoy their pleasures in the best possible manner. Speaking on the question of stays, Lady Harborton said that medical experience showed that seventy-seven per cent of the internal ailments of women were caused by tight and improper clothing.—Christian at Work.

A Girl's Equipment for Self-Support.

No one will dispute the abstract assertion that any given girl may some day have herself, and, perhaps, her family to

support; and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule, no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls; no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is the most unwise—I was almost to say idiotic—thing to do. Each one of us has known women to whom this mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except this sort of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any bread-winning work will have need of bread, and will know no way in which to get it except through dependence, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she can find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of seventy-five cents a week, or if she is a skillful needle-woman, at twice or thrice that pittance. Is it not beyond comprehension that intelligent and affectionate fathers, knowing the dreadful possibilities that lie before daughters whom they love with fondest indulgence, should neglect to take the simplest precaution in their behalf? We are a dull, blind, precedent-loving set of animals, we human beings. We neglect this plain duty, at this terrible risk, simply because such has been the custom. Some few of us have made up our minds to set this cruel custom at defiance, and to give our girls the means of escape from this danger. It is our creed that every education is fatally defective which does not include definite skill in some art or handicraft or knowledge in which bread and shelter may certainly be won in case of need. If the necessity for putting such skill to use never arises, no harm is done, but good rather, even in that case, because the consciousness of ability to do battle with poverty frees the processes of apprehension, adds to that confident sense of security without which contentment is impossible. All men recognize this fact in the case of boys; its recognition in the case of girls is not only less necessary. It seems to me, at least, that every girl is grievously wronged who is suffered to grow up to womanhood and to enter the world without some marketable skill.—Harper's Magazine.

New Advertisements.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Works through the blood, regulating, toning and invigorating all the functions of the body.

Ringworm Humor and Salt-Rheum.

RAYHAM, MASS., Aug. 12, 1878. C. I. HOOD & CO., GENTLEMEN:—I have had ringworm humor and salt-rheum so badly that my body was covered with raw sores, and almost my head and face. I have had many number of doctors in the last seven years, and none of them could cure me. One day my mother was in the city of Taunton, and found one of your cook books, and in reading it I found many people testifying to cures from the use of your Sarsaparilla, and Olive Ointment. I felt forced to try it, although I had seen many things advertised has been in five years and more. I have now taken two small bottles and one large one of Sarsaparilla, and used three boxes of Ointment. I now call myself cured. Nothing can be seen of the humor but the dim outlines of the sores. I shall take two more bottles, and then the cure will be complete. I am gratefully yours, EDGAR F. WHITMAN.

Biliousness, Sick Headache.

FITTSFIELD, MASS. MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO., GENTS:—Please send me by express two bottles HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and a few of your Cook Books for distribution. Your preparation has worked wonders in the case of my wife, who has been troubled with sick headache and biliousness for years. She only took one-half teaspoonful at a dose, and has not been so bad for five years and more. She found that within a week after taking it she felt very much better, and is now entirely free from these severe headaches. She has not taken any of your account since last spring, and what little she had left to do some other good, and we must have it in the house. Yours truly, HOMER D. NASH.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is sold by all druggists. Price \$1. or six large bottles for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Use HOOD'S TOOTH-POWDER.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

Imitation always follows a successful article, and imitation is one of the best proofs of real honest merit; and thus it is that the *James Bosse Gold Watch Case* has its imitators. Buyers can always tell the genuine by the trade-mark of a crown, from which is suspended a pair of crossed scales. Be sure both crown and scales are stamped in the cap of the watch case. Jewelers are very cautious about endorsing an article unless they not only know that it is good, but that the character of the manufacturers is such that the quality of the goods will be kept fully up to standard.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Feb. 15, 1883. The *James Bosse Gold Watch Case* is like hot cakes. Each one I sell sells another. Don't get to recommending them; they sell themselves. I have no customers here but a *James Bosse Gold Watch Case* has been in use for 20 years, and it is as good as ever. With this case I do not hesitate to give my own name, especially with the new and improved cases, which seem to be everywhere. JAMES T. LITTLE, Jeweler.

New Brunswick, N. J., Jan. 8, 1883. This gold case, No. 999, known as the *James Bosse Gold Watch Case*, came into my possession about 1858, has been in use since that time, and is still in good condition. The movement is the one which was in the case when I bought it, and the condition shows that the case has really out-lived the movement, which is a point in its favor. MARTIN A. HOWELL, President of the Board of Directors, N. J. & C. F. Jones, & Co., Seed & Plant.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factory, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how *James Bosse* and *Keystone* Watch Cases are made. (To be Continued.)

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COMPLIMENTARY.

"My hair is now restored to its youthful color; I have not a gray hair left. I am satisfied that the preparation is not a dye, but acts on the secretions. My hair ceases to fall, which is certainly an advantage to me, who was in danger of becoming bald." This is the testimony of all who use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

"One Bottle did it."

That is the expression of many who have had their gray hair restored to its natural color, and their hair speedily covered with hair, after using one bottle of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. It is not a dye.

Various Causes.

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It sculps, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brash, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

ALMOST AS BAD.

What the Perplexed Physicians do in Cases of Emergency.

"I'll tell you the honest truth," answered the doctor. "Bright's Disease bothers the medical profession as badly as cancer does. Having passed a certain stage, both point straight to eternity. It may be unprofessional to let on the secret, but whenever a patient comes to me with Bright's Disease, or any kidney trouble, like I tell him to put on BENSON'S CAPSICUM PLASTER without delay."

The doctor spoke by the card. The Capsicum goes right to the spot. If you can be helped, the Capsicum will do it. Look out for frauds. It is the word CAPSICUM in the middle of the plaster? If so, you are all right. Price 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York. Highest awards.

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1868 CLARK'S 1883

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Gives Training by Practice, in a select and thoroughly practical course of study, intended to meet the wants of those who know by experience that our Public Schools are not preparing the young in a direct manner for the active duties of life, and is the first School in the country to present a practical and useful course of training entirely void of all the objectionable features of the culture-examining system.

As thorough and complete training is given in this school to those who desire to prepare for Mercantile Pursuits a given in technical Schools to those who choose a profession.

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Makes Practical Arithmetic easy for all. Simplifies the art of computation, and enables every Farmer and Tradesman to make correct and instantaneous calculations in all their business transactions. It is worth its weight in gold to every one quick in figure. It is neatly printed, elegantly bound, accompanied by a REMARKABLE DIARY, SILICATE SLATE, PERPETUAL CALENDAR and VALUABLE POCKET BOOK. Morocco, \$1. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Send rapidly. Address

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Seats and desks for ninety pupils are now offered for sale by the Montpelier Union School District. They are new in style, in fair condition, and well adapted to the wants of a country school. Can be seen at the Union School building, at the auction room on Main Street. Call soon for good bargains.

By ORDER OF COMMITTEE, Montpelier, August 21, 1883.